

Enter Volunna and Virgilia, mother and wife to Martius:
They set them downe on two lowe stools and sowe.

Volun. I pray you daughter sing, or expresse your selfe in a more comfortable sort: If my Sonne were my Husband, I should freelier reioyce in that absence wherein he wonne Honor, then in the embracements of his Bed, where he would shew most loue. When yet hee was but tender-bodied, and the onely Sonne of my womb; when youth with comelinesse pluck'd all gaze his way; when for a day of Kings entreaties, a Mother should not sell him an houre from her beholding; I considering how Honour would become such a person, that it was no better then Picture-like to hang by th' wall, if renowne made it not stirre, was pleas'd to let him seeke danger, where he was like to finde fame: To a cruell Warre I sent him, from whence he return'd, his browes bound with Oake. I tell thee Daughter, I sprang not more in ioy at first hearing he was a Man-child, then now in first seeing he had produced himselfe a man.

Virg. But had he died in the Businesse Madame, how then?

Volun. Then his good report should haue bene my Sonne, I therein would haue found issue. Heare me profess sincerely, had I a dozen sons each in my loue alike, and none lesse deere then thine, and my good Martius, I had rather had eleuen dye Nobly for their Countrey, then one voluptuously surfeit out of Action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Virg. Beseech you giue me leaue to retire my selfe.

Volun. Indeed you shall not:

Me thinkes, I heare hither your Husbands Drumme: See him plucke Aufidius downe by th' haire: (As children from a Beare) the Volces (shunning him: Me thinkes I see him stampe thus, and call thus, Come on you Cowards, you were got in feare Though you were borne in Rome; his bloody brow With his mail'd hand, then wiping, forth he goes Like to a Haruest man, that task'd to mowe Or all, or loose his hye.

Virg. His bloody Brow? Oh Iupiter, no blood.

Volun. Away you Foole; it more becomes a man,

Then gilt his Trophe. The breits of Hecuba

When she did suckle Hector, look'd not louelier

Then Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood

At Grecian sword. Contemning, tell Valeria

We are fit to bid her welcome.

Vir. Heauens blesse my Lord from fell Aufidius.

Vol. Hee'l beat Aufidius head below his knee,

And treade vpon his necke.

Enter Valeria with an Vsher, and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My Ladies both good day to you.

Vol. Sweet Madame,

Vir. I am glad to see your Ladyship.

Val. How do you both? You are manifest house-keepers. What are you sowing heere? A fine spotte in good faith. How does your little Sonne?

Vir. I thanke your Ladyship: Well good Madame.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and heare a Drum, then looke vpon his Schoollmaster.

Val. A my word the Fathers Sonne: He sweare 'tis a very pretty boy. A my troth, I look'd vpon him a Week-day halfe an houre together: ha's such a confirm'd coun-

tenance. I saw him run after a gilded Butterfly, & when he caught it, he let it go againe, and after it againe, and ouer and ouer he comes, and vp againe: catcht it againe: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, hee did so fret his teeth, and teare it. Oh, I warrant how he mammoockt it.

Vol. One on's Fathers moods.

Val. Indeed la, tis a Noble childe.

Virg. A Cracke Madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your fitchery, I must haue you play the idle Hufwife with me this afternoone.

Virg. No (good Madame)

I will not out of doores:

Val. Not out of doores?

Volun. She shall the shall.

Virg. Indeed no, by your patience; He not ouer the threshold, till my Lord returne from the Warres.

Val. Fye, you confine your selfe most vnreasonably: Come, you must go visit the good Lady that lies in.

Virg. I will wish her speedy strength, and visite her with my prayers: but I cannot go thither.

Volun. Why I pray you.

Virg. 'Tis not to saue labour, nor that I want loue.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet they say, all the yeaerne she spun in *Vlisses* absence, did but fill *Athica* full of Mothes. Come, I would your Cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leaue pricking in sport. Come you shall go with vs.

Vir. No good Madame, pardon me, indeed I will not foorth.

Val. In truth la go with me, and Ile tell you excellent newes of your Husband.

Virg. Oh good Madame, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily I do not iest with you; there came newes from him last night.

Vir. Indeed Madame.

Val. In earnest it's true; I heard a Senatour speake in. Thus it is: the Volces haue an Army forth, against who *Cominius* the Generall is gone, with one part of our Roman power. Your Lord, and *Titus Lartius*, are set down before their Citie *Caricles*, they nothing doubt preuailing, and to make it breefe Warres. This is true on mine Honor, and so I pray go with vs.

Virg. Giue me excuse good Madame, I will obey you in euery thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone Ladie, as she is now:

She will but diseafe our better mirth.

Valeria. In troth I thinke she would:

Fare you well then. Come good sweet Ladie.

Prythee *Virgilia* turne thy solemnesse out a doore,

And go along with vs.

Virgil. No

At a word Madame; Indeed I must not,

I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell.

Exit Ladies

Enter Martius, Titus Lartius, with Drumme and Colours, with Captaines and Souldiers, as before the City Coriolanus: to them a Messenger.

Martius. Yonder comes Newes:

A Wager they haue met.

Lar. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lar. Agreed.

Mar.

Mar. Say, ha's our Generall met the Enemy?

Mess. They lye in view, but haue not spoke as yet.

Lar. So, the good Horse is mine.

Mar. Ile buy him of you.

Lar. No, Ile nor sell, nor giue him: Lend you him I will

For halfe a hundred yeares: Summon the Towne.

Mar. How farre off lie these Armies?

Mess. Within this mile and halfe.

Mar. Then shall we heare their Larum, & they Ours.

Now Mars, I prythee make vs quicke in worke,

That we with smoaking swords may march from hence

To helpe our fielded Friends: Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a Parley: Enter two Senators with others on the Walles of Coriolanus.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your Walles?

1. Senat. No, nor a man that feares you lesse then he,

That's lesse then a little: Drum a farre off.

Hearke, our Drummes

Are bringing forth our youth: Wee'l breake our Walles

Rather then they shall pound vs vp our Gates,

Which yet seeme shut, we haue but pin'd with Rushes,

They'll open of themselves. Harke you, farre off.

Alarum farre off.

There is Aufidius. Lift what worke he makes

Among't your clouen Army.

Mar. Oh they are at it.

Lar. Their noise be our instruction, Ladders ho.

Enter the Army of the Volces.

Mar. They feare vs not, but issue forth their Citie.

Now put your Shields before your hearts, and fight

With hearts more prooffe then Shields.

Aduance braue Titus,

They do disdain vs much beyond our Thoughts,

which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on my fellows

He that retires, Ile take him for a Volce,

And he shall feeble mine edge.

Alarum, the Romans are beat back to their Trenches

Enter Martius fighting.

Mar. All the contagion of the South, light on you,

You Shames of Rome: you Heard of Byles and Plagues

Plaster you o're, that you may be abhor'd

Farther then scene, and one infect another

Against the Winde a mile: you soules of Geese,

That beare the shapes of men, how haue you run

From Slaues, that Apes would beate; Pluto and Hell,

All hurt behinde, backes red, and faces pale

With flight and agued feare, mend and charge home,

Or by the fires of heauen, Ile leaue the Foe,

And make my Warres on you: Looke too't: Come on,

If you'll stand fast, wee'l beate them to their Wiues,

As they vs to our Trenches followes.

Another Alarum, and Martius follows them to gates, and is slaine.

So, now the gates are open: now prone good Seconds,

'Tis for the followers Fortune, widens them,

Not for the flyers: Marke me, and do the like.

Enter the Gati.

1. Sol. Foole-hardinesse, not I,

2. Sol. Nor I.

1. Sol. See they haue shut him in. Alarum continues

All. To th' pot I warrant him. Enter Titus Lartius

Tit. What is become of Martius?

Al. Slaine (Sir) doubtlesse.

1. Sol. Following the Flyers at the very heeles,

With them he enters: wh

Clapt to their Gates, he is

To answer all the City.

Lar. Oh Noble Fellow

Who sensibly out-dares h

And when it bowes, stand

A Carbuncle intire: as big

Weare not so rich a Jewell

Euen to Calues with, not fi

Onely in strokes, but with

The Thunder-like percussio

Thou mad'st thine enemies

Were Fearours, and did

Enter Martius bleeding

1. Sol. Looke Sir,

Lar. O 'tis Martius,

Let's fetch him off, or mak

Enter certain

1. Rom. This will I car

2. Rom. And I this.

3. Rom. A Murrain on't,

Enter Martius, and

Mar. See heere these me

At a crack'd Drachme: Co

Irons of a Doit, Dublets

Bury with those that wor

Ere yet the fight be done,

And harke, what noyse th

There is the man of my fo

Piercing our Romanes: T

Conuenient Numbers to r

Whil'st I wish those that

To helpe *Cominius*:

Lar. Worthy Sir, thou

Thy exercise hath bin too

For a second course of Fig

Mar. Sir, praife me no

My worke hath yet not w

The blood I drop, is rathe

Then dangerous to me: T

Lar. Now the faire G

Fall deepe in loue with th

Misguide thy Opposers f

Prosperity be thy Page.

Mar. Thy Friend no li

Then those she placeth hig

Lar. Thou worthiest

Go found thy Trumpet in

Call thither all the Officer

Where they shall know o

Enter *Cominius* as it

Com. Breath you my fi

Like Romans, neither fool

Nor Cowardly in retyre:

We shall be charg'd again

By Interims and conueyin

The Charges of our Friend

Leade their successes, as w

That both our powers, wi

May giue you thankfull Sa

Enter

Mess. The Cittizens

And giuen to *Lartius* and